

# It Couldn't Be Me

Johnathan Rice

We're driving through the canyons  
Singing songs from the sixties  
The telephone rang, she said,  
Babe, do you miss me?  
And ain't it a shame not to love the one you're with

Well she spoke with the prettiest mouth  
And she scorned me  
She sharpened her teeth and flashed them to warn me  
That ain't it a shame when you hate the one you loved

Well, it couldn't be me  
No, it couldn't be me  
No, they're not in your dreams  
He don't look a thing like me

Well I dated a rich girl  
With a mother of pearl  
Who paid rent in her high rise  
The weight of the world  
And ain't it a shame when you're exchanging all your  
brand new gifts

Well after a night on the floor,  
she put the chain on her door  
I'd worn out my welcome  
I guess she got bored  
She laid her on my brother  
And laid him across my bed

No, it couldn't be me  
No, it couldn't be me  
No, they're not in your dreams  
He don't look a thing like me

Well it sounds like rain  
And here that's a rare thing  
Out here in the desert,  
I'm stealing my water  
From a hole in a mountain that flows to the affordable  
homes  
And from the faucet it drips  
And I'll clean up the messes  
The others have left us  
Well I think they've blessed us  
There's a chain on my door  
But I'm in love with the one I'm with

And it couldn't be me  
No, it couldn't be me  
No, they're not in your dreams  
He don't look a thing like me  
Well it couldn't be me  
No, it couldn't be me  
No, they're not in your dreams  
He don't look a thing like me  
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